

in several suicides. In a raid about a fortnight ago several sheds at the station were destroyed, and the station itself badly damaged, but alarms are frequent and often needless. Often in the middle of the night everyone has to scuttle for the cellars, there wait for some time, and then find it is a false alarm.

Daily mail, 8/1/18.

The crops should be pretty good. It is a question of quantity of crops. They are getting a dose of the same medicine they have been giving the Allies for the past year.

(Enclosure in diary)

FOREST FIRE CHECKED
6,000 Acres of Trees Useless

Telegrams from Toulon state that the fire in the Esteral Forest is now practically mastered, after destroying about 6,000 acres of pines, oaks, and chestnut trees. What is left of all these trees will be of no use except for firewood, and it will take thirty years at least to make good the damage, the money value of which it is impossible to estimate. The forest belongs to the State. Over 2,500 soldiers, drawn from various parts of the south of France, were employed in endeavoring to stop the progress of the flames, which were fanned by a very strong wind. Three Annamites were suffocated and burnt to death while fighting the fire, and about thirty other men were injured, eight of them seriously. All the telegraph and telephone lines through the forest were destroyed. The origin of the outbreak is unknown.

Daily Mail, July 30, 1918.

This destruction of a forest hurts the Frenchman. He is very proud of his National Forests and realizes their economic value. This is particularly true at this time when every stick of timber, piece of wood and twig has a real value. A great deal of the fuel burned is just bundles of twigs. I have seen several of the smaller National Forests, and they all look like parks with their roads and paths, even now kept in very good condition.

This same economy is shown when a tree is cut down alongside the road or in a yard. The saw logs are cut and saved, also the cord wood, and finally the twigs are bundled up and hauled away.

At Engleheim I saw one of the old-fashioned bake ovens, in which the fire is made in the oven and kept going until the oven has been sufficiently heated, when the fire is put out and the dough put in and baked.

Last night a shell entered a trench hitting a man in the leg, almost severing it. There were several other men in the trench, but they were not injured. The shell did not explode, turning out to be a "dud."